

in which Hughes concurred, found in favor of the corporation.

In the words of the court: "And so construed (in favor of the state) the grant of 110,000 acres will be increased 40,000 acres, and as the demurrer concedes the deposit of salt is from four to eight feet thick, there will be further increase of two or three million tons of salt, worth in

the aggregate an almost fabulous sum. Such consequences of the state's contentions at once challenge its soundness."

In plain language, this is what the court meant: It is wrong for a state university to have lands worth millions, but the plain language of the act may be strained to give "this fabulous sum" to a corporation.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"YOU CAN MANAGE MEN IF YOU'LL BE A LITTLE DIPLOMATIC"

"After I left the office of the theatrical manager I went out into the park and sat down for a little while.

"You see, Margie," said Paula, "I wanted to think, and I knew I could not think in that awful hall bedroom. But here in the park a balmy wind was blowing all the grayness and mist away and leaving the sky an indescribable blue, with great bunches of white fleece floating over it.

"I distinctly remember that day as the one I first saw the REAL SKY, and I marveled at the bare wonder of it.

"I wanted to get away from that awful atmosphere where I had met the theatrical manager. I laughed a little at my vanity in imagining he had remembered me!

"That insolent boy's wink meant he understood the whole episode, and thought I did as well.

"It was the first time in my life, Margie, that I had the feeling my sex was a thing with which to barter. Little crinkly cold shudders ran up and down my backbone.

"At college we had talked of love in abstract fashion. We accepted attentions from young men as our right.

"I had stepped out of the world of giving into the world of trade.

"You must pay"—ah, Margie, for the first time I realized that.

"To my horror, I found myself wondering if I could endure a few

familiarities for the sake of getting on the stage. I felt myself blushing—and once more I looked up at the sky—once more I breathed the crystalline air.

"On the way to my boarding house I met my little friend Jane, with another girl.

"What did you do today?" asked Jane.

"I did not want to tell of my visit to the theatrical manager before the other girl, but both looked expectantly at me, so I told them.

"The old pig!" exclaimed Jane's friend, whose name was Maggie. "Why didn't you slap his face?"

"Now, Maggie, you know you have lost a good many splendid positions by that slapping process."

"But you would not have me accept his attentions, Jane," I said in surprise.

"Certainly not, but it doesn't hurt any to be a little diplomatic. Some of my best friends are men who first tried to make what they called 'love' to me."

"You are one in a hundred, Jane," said Maggie. "I can't keep the pigs for friends."

"That is why you are working yourself most to death for Miss Finstein, and being bawled out every day, instead of having an easy job with some man, as I have."

"I made up my mind that I'd take some lessons in ma'-aging from Jane."

(To Be Continued)